

There isn't any fun in kissing when the wires are burned out.

Little Willie declares that the "tan that won't come off" is the raitan.

The barber who committed suicide with bay rum certainly stuck to his last.

Patti is here on a farewell trip that means farewell to our dollars, at least.

A woman who throws herself at a man's head usually fails to aim straight.

Lord Bute has just married a pretty actress, who is now presumably a veritable Bute.

A woman never marries her first love unless she is quite sure that he is also her last.

One game of football makes more work for the hospital than all of the army maneuvers.

To a man up in a balloon it must look as though the wires were clogged with flying machines.

Jealousy is a sleight-of-hand artist which easily turns the most innocent actions into suspicious ones.

With the battleship Missouri and the Missouri mule, what nation can beat us at the game of war?

The man who started the Mary Ann question is named Warbeck, and he lives in Jersey City. Now go for him!

Sometimes the man who proudly wears a campaign button in his coat lapel has to fasten his suspender with a nail.

A man can find fault and lose his temper simultaneously, thus demonstrating his ability to do two things at once.

Moving as fast as he does Dan Patch finds it easy to do an important day's work in considerably less than two minutes.

In the growth of a son a mother loses over so many children. Every step in his progress represents something she has lost.

The powers of Europe are evidently preparing for a grand concert, at which the menu served after the performance will be Turkey.

The Standard Oil Company has begun to operate in Japan. This settles it. The Japanese, needn't be afraid that Russia will get them.

A Philadelphia pup the other day mistook a stick of dynamite for a bone. He succeeded in making Philadelphia wide awake for a second or two.

A Kansas farmer is authority for the statement that a full-grown and able-bodied cyclone will lift everything on the place except the mortgage.

Football cannot be as bloody a pastime as some persons think it is. Frequently you hear of the players stopping a game in order to indulge in a real fight.

Greater New York has a population of nearly 4,000,000. In that number of people Col. Watterson believes that there ought to be more than "400" worth speaking to.

Lieut. Peary might convince Sir Thomas Lipton that it is easier to lift the pole than it is to lift the cup, and seek no further for means of financing his expedition.

Sir Thomas Lipton failed to carry any substantial reward back with him but that other great promoter of Anglo-Saxon amity, Sir Henry Irving, may be relied on to even up the score.

Another insanitary feature of sleeping car life which the doctors overlooked is the dangerous practice of descending from the upper berth by the steepladder when the steepladder is not there.

As football coaches have reached the conclusion that too close application to the game makes the players stale, some of the men are said to be finding an hour or two a day to devote to their studies.

President Castro of Venezuela finds that wars may be threatened in the Balkans and the far East and be put off from day to day for months and perhaps for years, but where he is the revolutions go on forever.

The co-eds of the Northwestern university of Chicago have been forbidden to whistle, perhaps because when they got their lips pursed up in the preparatory pucker they looked just too tempting for their fellow students to resist.

As recent events show, it was a master stroke of sagacity and foresight that led the Alaskan boundary commissioners to hold the speech-making dinners and the display of Anglo-American alliance enthusiasm before the award instead of after it.

The Klondyke Gold Mystery.

By JOHN R. MUSICK,
Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard," "The Dark Stranger," "Charlie Allendale's Double," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Did you leave the others there?"
"Yes; an' lemme tell yo, it'll take four to manage that woman. I couldn't stay in the same camp and set up quarters by a big black stump half a mile away from her."

"Curse such luck! I wish the men had stayed."

"Why? Who are you afraid of?"
"I don't know who he is, only he calls himself the Old Man of the Mountains."

"Where is he?"
"In her tent."

"Where did he come from?"
"Looks as if he had slid down the peak of some iceberg. Go and take a squint at him."

Cummins, though a coward when there was a woman in the case, had little fears of men. Creeping stealthily up to the tent he peeped in and beheld the "Old Man of the Mountains," seated on a camp stool before the fair Laura, his rifle between his knees, while she was telling him her story.

"Umph! It's old St. Nick or an escaped Selkirk. Looks as if he bristled with weapons, and I don't doubt but he can use 'em. The boss is right, for a glimpse o' that face and the arsenal he carries is enough to give a polar bear the agor."

Notwithstanding the unprepossessing appearance of the man from the mountains, he pressed his ear close to the tent to listen to the conversation between the two.

"Why did you come to Alaska, my poor child?"

"I came to find the man I love, my Paul, who was lost."

Laura told the old man her story and at the conclusion said:

"He tells me Paul is dead. I do not believe him. He has deceived me on more than one occasion, and he will do so again if it serves his purpose. My heart tells me Paul lives."

"My child, that silent monitor is never wrong. Your Paul lives. He is not far away, but he, you and I are in great peril. We must act with caution and secrecy or we will all be dead before morning. These men are desperate criminals. Will you trust me?"
"Yes, with my life!"

"Pretend as if you had heard nothing, but be ready to act as I direct."

"Do you know where Paul is?"

"Yes, but he is under a strong guard. Is there no one with the train you can trust? No Indian or Esquimo?"

"I do not understand them nor they me; but I have my trusty servant, Ben Holton."

"Where is he?"

"He was sent to-day to see if the pass could be opened."

"The pass has not been closed," said the hermit. "My dear daughter, sending him off was only an excuse to get your friends out of the way; but all is well. Heaven is on your side and directed me here."

"Humph! We'll see about that!" growled Cummins, rising from his knees. "They kin put their trust in what they like, but if the boss will let me have my way, I'll put mine in about ten inches of cold steel!"

He hurried to Lackland, who was sitting on a sled, his face expressing the deepest anxiety. In as few words as possible he narrated the interview between the mysterious old man and Laura. Lackland made several efforts to speak before he finally succeeded, then, in a voice strangely unnatural, he said:

"It has come at last! I hoped I would be spared bloodshed, but there is no help for it. Since it must come, let it come. We will do our worst. If the old man and Paul Miller are in our way, let them die!"

"Well, there will be little time to act."

"I know it."

Lackland, who still shrank from the thought of committing murder himself, began to plan to have his myrmidons do all the work, and agreed very readily to have reinforcements.

"I think it would be well for you to start back and get two of the men," he said. "Can't you do it in a few hours?"

"Yes; on snowshoes I can make it by to-morrow noon. Let us leave the valley and start down the trail."

They had to cross the river to reach the trail, but by this time the Yukon was frozen over, so they crossed on the ice.

They had scarce got over when they saw three forms coming along the trail.

"There they are now," said Lackland.

The three forms could be seen coming hurriedly up the path and, when they drew nearer, the form of the old man could be seen coming along behind.

"Holton, come here!" said Lackland. As the old man advanced toward him, the Indians were ordered across the river on the ice.

"What d'ye want, Mr. Lackland?"

"Your mistress sent for you to go back and meet Miss Willis."

"Me go back?" gasped old Ben. "This do seem monster queer. Why, I'm about pestered out. I don't believe I kin go a mile furder."

"It's no over a mile."

"We'll try t' stand it."

idly as he could travel until the eastern was reached.

"Is that the place, Cummins?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Come in here—in this cavern!"

"What for?"

"Shut your infernal mouth and come on; you talk too much!"

"I won't go!" he cried, for his suspicions began to be aroused, and he made an effort to pull away.

The faithful old man seemed to realize that in some way this attack had reference to his mistress, and he fought with the desperation of a madman; but he was choked into insensibility, and Lackland said:

"Take him up! Drag him in there, and tie him hard and fast!"

Cummins obeyed instructions, and a few moments later emerged from the cave, saying:

"Well, boss, that's done."

"Yes, but there is not a second to lose, for the old man at the camp will not be dealt with so easily. You must get two or three of the others, if they have not gone, and bring them here at once. Don't waste a moment, for everything depends on getting reinforcements before daylight."

The nights in Alaska were long at this season, and it was possible for reinforcements to arrive before dawn.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Groom In The Dark.

When Paul Miller leaped from his pallet and rushed from the door of the hut, he was as insane as any inmate of a madhouse.

"Oh, stop! stop! stop!" shrieked Kate Willis. "Where are you goin'—where are you goin'?"

"Laura! Laura!" he shouted.

"Laura! Oh, my goodness sakes alive, does he know her?" cried Miss Willis, clapping her hands as a new and wonderful thought burst on her mind. "It can't be—it must be—he is the girl's lover! He must be her Paul!"

She shouted to some of the Indian porters left to look after the camp:

"Stop him!"

The Indians were soon on him, had him tied with moose-skin thongs and carried him back to the shanty, where he was laid on the bed. Kate followed them, sobbing frantically and groaning:

"He's dead! They've killed him and I'm to blame for it. Oh, what a fool I've played all the way through!"

He breathed and, placing her head on his breast, she discovered that his heart still beat. She placed the kettle over the little oil stove and prepared some nourishment, bound up his head, which was slightly bruised, and soon had his eyes open. No sooner was he rational enough to recall what had happened than he began to sob.

"Don't take on so!" the kind-hearted woman said. "I tell ye, ye couldn't have got a mile away from here! Ye would have died and ye must know it!"

"But Laura, my darling, in the power of that man!"

"Say, let's you and I understand each other, an' then there won't be any danger of making mistakes. Are you Paul Miller, who's been dead so long?"

"I am Paul Miller and they may have reported me dead."

"From Fresno, California?"

"Yes, from Fresno, California."

"Have you a sweetheart called Laura Keane?"

"Yes—yes! It was she you told me had gone on—and I will—"

"Now, look here! I am your friend. I am the best friend you and Laura ever had aside from yourselves. If ye'll just listen t' me, we'll outwit the whole caboodle an' show 'em what's what yit."

Kate told him he must pretend to be a great deal worse than he really was, and she would report that she believed he was going to die. He at once fell in with the plan, with the assurance that as soon as he was strong enough he was to start secretly for the camp where Laura was waiting for her companion to join them.

Meanwhile there was a change in guard. Cummins was relieved and four men sent to take his place. The Indians went with Cummins, and Kate had four white men to contend with.

She often cavedropped the four men when at quarters, and gained enough of their plans to realize that they must act promptly.

The very night the "Old Man of the Mountains," as he called himself, so suddenly appeared in the tent where Laura was expelling her unwelcome suitor, they set out. On and on they hastened over the frozen snow, and Paul's heart began to beat with pleasure. But hark! What are those ominous sounds in their ears? They have been four or five hours on the route when they hear the sound of feet crushing the hardened snow.

"Paul!" Kate whispered, "we are pursued! Can you run?"

"I can—and I can do more—I can shoot!"

"Run first and shoot when you have to. Gimme yer hand."

The strong woman took his hand in her own and they ran along the snow-covered trail swiftly as hares. They were almost at the point where the river was crossed on the ice when a voice behind them cried:

"There they go!"

"Halt—stop, or we'll fire!"

Paul wheeled around and leveled his rifle at one of the dark objects coming toward him, but just as his finger was ready to press the trigger he was struck a blow between the shoulders, which sent him sprawling in the snow.

It was Cummins, going after reinforcements, who came up at this opportune moment.

The two prisoners were lifted from the ground and carried to the cavern, where they were left tied hard and fast, their fates to be determined later.

Paul Miller was not unconscious at any time, and when he found himself tied, lying on the hard floor of the cavern, he began to calculate on his chances.

Suddenly he heard a groan in the darkness.

"Kate—Kate—was that you?" he whispered.

"No!" was the answer.

"Who was it?"

And another hollow groan came on their ears.

"Great goodness gracious! What is it?" shrieked Kate Willis. "What is it?"

"Hush, Kate!" whispered Paul. "Some other unfortunate is here as well as ourselves!"

Then came another deep groan, which seemed to be only a few paces away.

"Who are you?" asked Paul.

"I'm Ben Holton," came a feeble answer. "I ain't done nuthin' t' be tied up here an' left t' die in this way!"

"I know him!" gasped Kate. "He was Laura's faithful servant!"

In the anguish of his soul Paul groaned:

"Oh, Laura, Laura, why can I not reach your side and save you from those fiends?"

Paul had deep thoughts, but kept those to himself. He still had faith that heaven would never permit such an evil as these unscrupulous men contemplated to succeed. How divine interposition would come he had no idea, but he believed it would come.

At that very moment Paul had a faithful friend of whom he had never thought coming to him. The dog courier that had borne the tidings that he and his companion were perishing in the forest had always shown a strange fondness for him.

On the night Paul left, his canine friend was tied with the other dogs, lest he should follow and betray their flight. The dumb brute determined to follow, and when Paul was gone set to work to deliberately gnaw the seal riata in twain. His sharp incisors did the work and his keen sense of smell soon told him the course they had gone, and he finally brought up at the cavern.

Paul was lost in painful thought when he suddenly felt the touch of a cold nose tip on his cheek and became aware that a friend was near. The dog sniffed about him for a moment, and, reaching his wrists, at last, realizing that something was wrong, seized the thongs with his teeth and began pulling at them.

"What is that noise?" asked Kate Willis.

"Be quiet!" Paul answered in an undertone.

The sharp teeth of the dog were silently cutting the thongs, which tied his master. In a few minutes Paul's hands were free. Then untying his ankles, he crept to where Kate sat against the big rock, her arms tied around it.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"Keep quiet!" he whispered. Kate was a bit nervous and very anxious to know if there was any chance for escape, but she restrained her natural inclination and said nothing.

Paul released her and went next to old Ben Holton, who was groaning as if he was breathing his last.

The old fellow, dumb with astonishment for a moment, blurted out:

"Be ye agoin' t' untie me?"

"No, no, ye won't!" roared the sentry, who began to suspect what was up. Lighting a torch, he started to the interior of the cavern, where they had left the captives, when suddenly there came a sharp growl, an oath, a cry and a man was on his back, a furious dog at his throat.

(To be continued.)

TRADE IN OLD CLOTHES.

Philadelphia Does Large Business in Cast-Off Raiment.

Philadelphia is said to do a bigger business in old clothes, says the New York Commercial—than is, of course, in the cast-off or second and third hand clothes of men—than any other city on the American continent. It is the center of the trade in the east and the buyers of New York—men with bags from Canal, Hester and Baxter streets—and from all over the middle states—"work" the City of Brotherly Love for old clothes every business day of the year. These outsiders number nearly 600 on an average. The capital invested in the old clothes trade of Philadelphia aggregates \$3,500,000. There are about 1,000 flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stocks is set by experts in the trade at \$3,000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife, and the "busheer," or mender. In all there are fully 2,000 in the retail shops.

Honduras in Hard Straits.

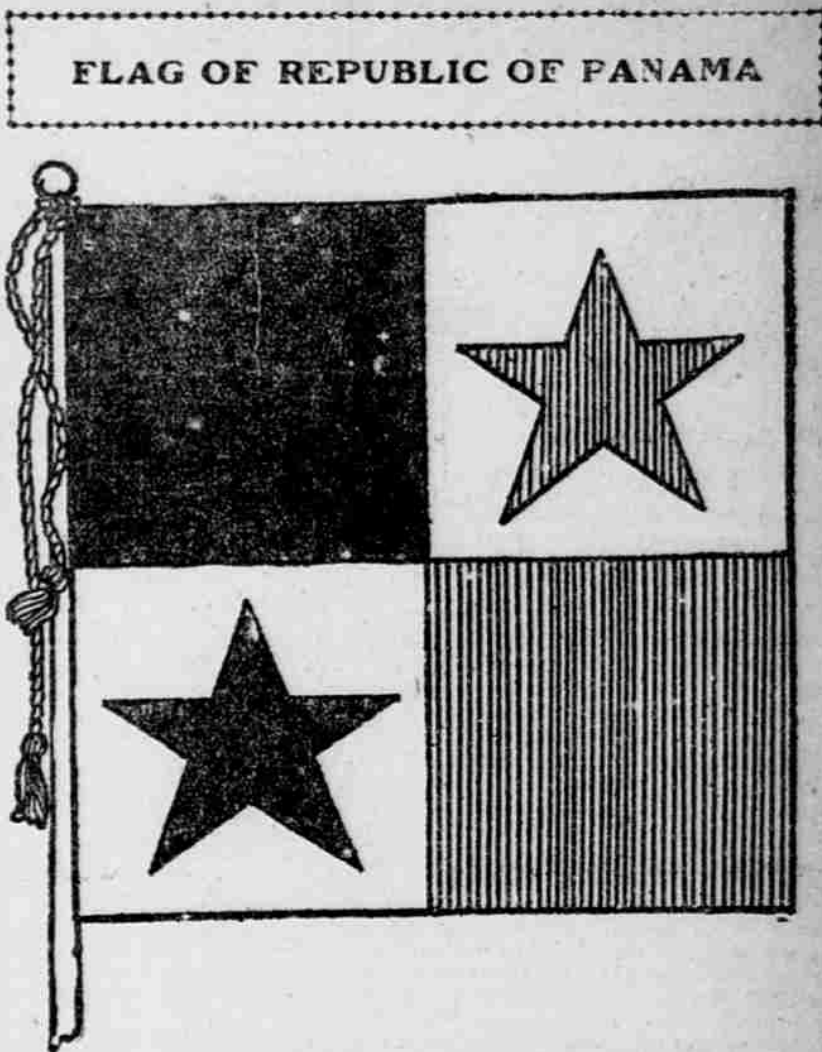
Honduras, since 1900, has had no market for her cattle. In the past she depended on Guatemala, but financial conditions in that republic have closed the market.

All He Needed.

"Wonder what Brown needs to make him a successful author?" "Nothing, but a story to tell, and brains to tell it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Value of Texas Cattle.

It is said that Texas alone has \$50,000,000 worth of cattle annually.



The first upper square, to the left, is blue; the first lower square, to the left, is white, with a blue star in its center. The second upper square is white, with a red star in its center, and the second lower square is red.

FOR NEW YORK BEAUX.

Sample of Luxury Demanded in the Modern Babylon.

Another detail of luxury has been added to New York life. The barber shop, with its boot-cleaning stands, its chiro-podist's stall and manœuvre cozy corner, has been found insufficient to meet the demands of the beaux of this modern Babylon. Four gentlemen's gentlemen, or valets, as they were known in the good old days, saved their money in private service and have opened a shop uptown in the middle of the theater district. A man who is not looking at his best can go into their place and for 25 or 50 cents come out looking as prim as a new pin. If he is caught in a rain-storm downtown during the day the gentlemen's gentlemen's shop will take care of him if he steps in on his way to the club or to dinner, brush his boots, press his clothes, brush his hat and shave him if he needs it. Meanwhile he dons a bathrobe and lounges in a smoking parlor. In the shop there are lockers where men can leave their dress clothes in the morning, go back and dress for the theater after working hours and get into their day clothes again any time before 1 o'clock the following morning.

GRANT'S PEACE LETTER FOUND

Lost Epistle Accepting Presidential Nomination Restored.

The historic letter of Gen. Grant accepting the nomination to the presidency and ending with "let us have peace" has been found among some waste paper at Hartford, Conn. The letter, dated May 29, 1868, was addressed to Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, president of the National Union Republican convention. After Gen. Hawley went to Washington as senator the letter disappeared and was believed to have been lost.

Workmen taking waste paper from the cellar of the Courant building to send to the ragman tossed out a bulky envelope, which was picked up by the man in charge and taken to the office. It proved to be the long-lost epistle, the last paragraph of which reads: "Peace and universal prosperity, its consequences, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace."

HUNTER IN HARD LUCK.

Englishman Unknowingly Conflicts With Maine Game Laws.

Walter Keith Elliott, who represents himself as an English gentleman and soldier of fortune, came into Bangor, Me., from the woods, got drunk and was robbed. In court next morning he said he had been killing deer for men in a lumber camp, having slaughtered nineteen in twenty-one days. This was just seventeen deer over the legal limit and Elliott was astonished to learn that he was subject to a fine of \$10 for each of the seventeen. The court dealt with it as a wholesale offense and let him off with a fine of \$400. Being unable to pay, he went to jail for thirty days. Elliott appears to be a man of some consequence and was very indignant when taken to prison.

The "Hallelujah Regiment."

James Howard Jenkins, one of the four men who first gave prominence to the immortal war song of "John Brown's Body," is now president of the German National bank in Oshkosh, Wis. He and the other three were sergeants in the Boston Light Infantry in 1861, and, being good singers, they formed themselves in a quartet. From some unknown quarter came the first verse, which they adapted to an old camp-meeting melody. Later the Boston Infantry became part of the Twelfth Massachusetts and the new song became so popular with that body that it came to be called "the hallelujah regiment."

CATS CAUSE DIRE DISASTER.

Electric Sparks From Their Fur Blow Up Gas Tank.

"Can electric sparks from a cat's fur blow up a gas tank?" is a question presented by an explosion in the cat and dog "dispatch" in the shelter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at New York.

The "dispatch," which is a steel cage charged with gas from the street main, contained ten or twelve cats that had been thrown in to be asphyxiated, when it blew up as employees were dumping another basketful of cats into it.

Three men were hurt, one, Theodore Goodenough, perhaps fatally, and all the cats were killed more or less summarily.

Goodenough dumped three basketfuls of cats into the "dispatch" while companions held one of the covers up by means of a tackle attached to the glass lid. The cats in these baskets were well behaved, but basket No. 4 contained a black cat. As soon as this animal was dropped there was a flash and a bang, and a shower of cats and men.

Goodenough and his companions were found stretched out on the floor in a litter of fragmentary cats.

The ceiling of the room in which the "dispatch" was, was torn open for several feet and frescoed with cats. The horses ran away with the cat wagon, the cats in the baskets remaining in the wagon yowled and fought, and thirty dogs in the "shelter" raised a howl that could be heard for a block.

The only explanation offered is the suggestion that the cats, in rubbing each other when they were being dumped into the "dispatch," emitted electric sparks of sufficient intensity to ignite the gas.

The universal scientists who haunt Park row said that, if it was true, as reported, that a woman recently, by an electric spark developed by walking over a Brussels carpet, set fire to her hair while drying it after giving it an alcoholic bath, it was just as possible that on a fine, dry cat sparks should explode gas.

Senator Vest's Reminiscences.

Senator Vest of Missouri is dictating a series of reminiscences to his stenographer. The veteran statesman is much enfeebled physically, but his memory has lost none of its wonderful retentiveness. His eyesight is so bad that he cannot look up references, but it is found that the dates and minutest circumstances he gives from memory are absolutely correct. He recently drew on his memory for verbatim reproduction of a letter which he received from Jefferson Davis nineteen years ago, though he had not seen the documents for many months.

Memorial Left by Patriot.

While cutting a roadway near New Haven, Conn., last week Alexander Fraser discovered a relic of more than usual interest. He was removing a number of large stones that formed a part of the wall which extended along the side of the road, when he found a boulder that bore on its under side in large letters the words, "Liberty 1776, N. M." As the date coincides with the time of the signing of the declaration of independence